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THE GOLD OF HOPE.

Bright shines the sun, but brighter after rain;
The clouds that darken make the sky more clear,
So rest is sweeter when it follows pain,
And the sad parting makes our friends more dear.

'Tis well it should be thus; our Father knows
The things that work together for our good;
We draw a sweetness from our bitter woes—
We would not have all sunshine if we could.

The days, with all their beauty and their light,
Come from the dark, and into dark return;
Day speaks of earth, but heaven shines through the night,
Where in the blue a thousand star-fires burn

So runs the law, the law of recompense,
That binds our life on earth and heaven in one;
Faith cannot live when all is sight and sense,
But Faith can live and sing when these are gone.

We grieve and murmur for we can but see
The single thread that flies in silence by;
When if we only saw the things to be,
Our lips would breathe a song, not sigh.

Wait, then, my soul, and edge the darkening cloud
With the bright gold that Hope can always lend;
And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,
Wait till to-morrow, and thy grief shall end.

And when we reach the limit of our days,
Beyond the reach of shadows and of night,
Then shall our every look and voice be praise
To Him who shines, our everlasting light.

CAPTURING A WIFE.

Paul Cheney sat at his desk in the school-room of a rural district, where he had been teaching (to use a well-worn adage) the young idea how to shoot. His present task was that of writing a letter to a chum in his city home.

"No doubt (he wrote) you imagine I am dwelling in a sort of rural Arcadia, and just as far as physical nature goes, I am, for there can be nothing more green than the hills, nothing more clear, cool or limpid, or musical than the brooks that everywhere ribbon the valleys. Paradise itself could not produce more life-giving breezes, and yet my life is a burden, because the girls (and they are greatly the majority of my pupils) are such wide-awake, mischief-loving, tormenting beauties as were never before given to one person to manage. They will have their own way, and completely demoralize the school; they tease, coax, and wheedle me out of my most important rules, and when endurance ceases to be a virtue, cast upon me such reproachful glances and put up such pouting, pretty lips, that a fellow is tempted to seize his hat and vamose the ranch, as they say West. But in spite of my complaints, don't imagine me subjucated. I have at last issued positive commands for the students not to range off during study hours, as has been the practice.

A sort of Gypsy encampment is located near an isolated nook among the hills. Among the tribe is an old fortune-teller, and of course the pretty heads of my female scholars are completely turned, and I have not only laid down the law against visiting the camp, but fixed a penalty thereto.

Now I know you will raise your hands in holy horror when I tell you that after exhausting every other form of punishment, from the dunce cap to writing lengthy compositions (the bitter abhorrence of every feminine heart!) and all to no purpose, I have in this instance resorted to the old-fashioned one, the ferrule. And so help me fate, I will carry it out to the bitter end, and make every little hand smart whose owner disobeys, or my name is not Paul Cheney.'

The school house where our hero presided was situated some distance from the village where he boarded, and the walk, though pleasant, was lonely and passing a graveyard. And of late weird tales had been told of ghosts who walk there by moonlight, and in one or two instances, when the school-master had been belated he had observed an object clothed in white flit at a distance before him, and in his very path. Though a trifle startled, he had no doubt that it was a riddle that time would unravel Therefore, upon the night when he had remained writing to the city friend, as he hurried homeward to be in time for supper, he gave the matter no thought and had reached the boundary of the graveyard when he was confronted by the white-robbed apparation, approaching him with extended arms.

The suggestions natural to its appearance were the reverse of pleasant, yet he never dreamed the gliding visitant was other than earthly, and quickened his pace to meet it, but to his astonishment it disappeared as quickly and entirely, as if swallowed by the earth. Not a little startled and puzzled, he hastened home, but kept his own counsel.

The next morning he proceeded to school more early than usual and spent some time in reconnoitering the walk of the ghost, and evidently to his satisfaction, for the broad smile that illuminated his face as he entered the school-room appeared to assure the pupils that their teacher was in the best humor, and they would accordingly receive many indulgences.

At recess a number of pretty heads were in close consultation, and Sue Salmon, a black-eyed beauty said with a pout:

"Wasn't it mean for Mr. Cheney to threaten to whip any one who went up to the Gypsy encampment? Just as if he dared to do it!"

"I would like to see him ferrule my hand," chimed in May Ellis.

"Or mine, either!" exclaimed Kitty Dalton. "What's the use of being such cowardly ninnies, girls? Let's go in spite of him."

"I will pay for any girl who will go with me to-day to have her fortune told," laughed Sue Salmon, merrily.

"Will you? Then we will all go, even if we have to submit to the punishment," answered May.

It was decided to run the risk, and accordingly when school closed at noon they marched off bodily to learn the mystery of the future.

"It must be half past one o'clock at least," exclaimed one of the number, as they were hastening back from their visit to the Gypsy camp, half repentant and anxious to know what would be the result of their breaking the law.

"I wish we hadn't gone," sighed Kitty ruefully. "It was all your fault, Sue."

"I know it," returned the young lady, with a merry laugh; "and I am ready not only to take my share of punishment, but yours as well."

"It is all very well to talk," said May, "but you are sure you will get off with the lightest penalty, and that you can do anything you please with Paul Cheney."

"Can I? Well, then I'll shield you for your disobedience. So cheer up and be brave. Here we are, and school has commenced."

They marched in and took their seats, and lifted their guilty eyes to encounter the indignantly flashing ones of their much abused teacher. Of all the scholars Sue was the prettiest, most lovable and most trying. She laughed his most serious and just reproof to scorn, and when she found he was really wounded, her great black eyes would flash up to him through tears and appeal to be forgiven. And somehow his voice always tuned itself lower when he addressed her, and in spite of himself she managed to throw upon him the solving of all her most difficult problems. She would come up to him with such a pretty, pleading pout, with "My head aches so," and protest she could not do her algebra unassisted; or "Might I not be excused from writing that dreadful composition for just this once, please?" And promised to do any thing else he wished; and she looked so winsome, pretty and bright when he yielded, that she usually carried the day.

So, when the master, in a hard, cold voice commanded the young ladies who were late to school to leave their seats and take places before his desk, to his surprise Sue said something in a whisper to her companions, and came gracefully and quickly forward alone, and leaning her white arms upon his desk as for support to her trembling limbs, said:

"Mr. Cheney, we have been to see the Gypsies, but I alone am to blame, and am ready to take the punishment you think the rest have merited together with what is my just due."

"Oh! you wish to make yourself a sort of scapegoat for your companions?" he questioned, with a flushed face.

"Yes, sir, if you please," murmured Sue.

"Well, if I don't please? I think you have sins enough of your own to answer for, without shouldering those of others."

"But really and truly," pleaded she, with tears in her glorious eyes, "I am alone to blame. They would not have gone but for me, and you will make me perfectly wretched if you punish them, when the fault was all mine," and she sobbed audibly.

"I should be sorry to do that," he answered. "It is enough that you make every day of my life wretched without my retaliating, and if you will answer for the good behavior of your companions in future it shall be as you desire."

"I will," promised Sue, but she grew deadly pale to the lips as he extended his hand to receive hers.

The next moment her little rosy palm lay in his great broad one, above which the ruler was poised for the blow; and though their hands were hidden behind the desk, the blows could be distinctly heard.

"One two, three, four—one for each truant," said the teacher, looking down into the eyes of Sue with an expression none but she could interpret.

The next instant the face of Sue was buried in her handkerchief, and her cheeks crimsoned as with shame. Then she spoke in a suppressed voice to the teacher, and he had to bend low to hear her.

"Who is the scapegoat now?" she questioned, and the dimples betrayed that her emotion was laughter, and if her eyes were filled with tears they were not sorrowful ones.

"Never mind," was answered by the teacher, as he bit his moustache to hide a smile, "You may take your seat now."

"What a generous soul," murmured Sue, as she laid her head upon the desk. "I knew he wouldn't strike me. His broad hand entirely covered mine and received every blow. How the girls would laugh if they knew it. But I won't tell. That shall be our little secret."

The remainder of the afternoon she studied very diligently and recited cleverly, though there was a very saucy light burning in her brown eyes that argued ill for some one.

When school closed for the day, the girls flocked around her with many expressions of sympathy.

"It was so good and noble in you, Sue, to take all the blame and the punishment," exclaimed May.

"And how ridiculous he looked pounding the little hand of a lady," added Kitty. "I am sure he must think very little of himself, and, as for me, I hate him."

"So do I," said Annie Miller, "and would sit up all night to find time to despise him."

"Don't be fools!" interrupted Sue, with a flash of anger. "I think he was very kind and generous to let us off as easy as he did, for we were wrong and he right."

"I thought it belonged to a gentleman's code of honor never to strike a woman?" answered May, with a sneer.

"The truth is," replied Sue, "he fixed the penalty so severe and unrelenting that he supposed no one would disobey, and when he was forced to fufill the law he punished one girl in place of four, and as it was neither of you, I think you ought to be satisfied. Suppose we let the subject drop."

"So be it. But if he remains at the school-house late again to-night, shan't we haunt him?"

"Yes," said Sue, "and it is my turn to be the ghost. There is jolly fun in that."

Meanwhile Paul Cheney was again writing to his city chum, and in conclusion he said:

"I have had a hard day. The girls were unusually provoking, and the knuckles of my left hand are very much swollen, from an injury received while punishing one of them. You need not be surprised to hear that I have given up teaching. The Plainville Academy is proving too much for me, and any day I may drop in upon you."

The letter finished, he started for his boarding place, but as he approached the grave-yard there flitted before him a white-robed ghost, which disappeared, as he neared it, with a mysterious facility. But, nothing daunted, he pressed rapidly onward to an immense hollow tree and forced his way into its depths. There was a smothered cry of alarm, the removing of a sheet, and Sue Salmon stood panting in the arms of Paul Cheney.

"So, I have at last captured the ghost," he said laughingly.

"O, please let me go. See, you have frightened the girls, and they have all run away. So please let me go."

"I do not please just now, Miss Susie. I have a long account to settle with this particular ghost."

"Then settle it quickly, and let me go," she said, impatiently stamping her little foot.

"Well, let me see. How many nights have I been haunted on my way home?"

"This is my first night," asserted Sue. "All the girls took it by turns."

"Ah! did they? And you are generous enough to again be their scapegoat, and take punishment along with your own?"

"Yes, yes; only please let me go."

"And there were four of you," and stooping down to her flushed face he left four kisses burning there.

"I will never forgive you," she exclaimed, struggling from him, and, standing a little apart, began twisting her long, loosened hair, and coiling it at the back of her pretty head.

"I shall be sorry for that, very sorry, Susie dear. As I told you to-day, you make my life miserable, yet I love you with all my soul."

"And I hate you," she replied passionately.

"Are you going, Susie," questioned he, "and without a single kind word?"

"Yes!" she snapped out, "and give me that sheet. I am sure I don't know what mother will say, because it is so torn."

"One little word," he continued, "before you go. We may not have another opportunity to see each other alone, as I shall leave this place next week."

"Going away?" she asked, with a little quiver in her voice, and staying her steps.

"The term will soon be out, and I shall not teach longer—least of all those who hate and refuse to be guided by me."

She drew nearer to his side, with downcast eyes, and giving him her hand said softly:

"Forgive me, Mr. Cheney, I have been very unkind and rebellious. To-day you bruised your own hand to save mine. I saw how red and swollen it was, and that was the most severe punishment you could have inflicted on me."

"A bruised hand is nothing to a bruised heart," he replied.

"I did not know that I was injuring so important an organ."

"When you say you hate me darling—"

"I—I did not mean I hated you. I am very grateful, and—and so sorry you are going away."

"Then if you love me," he whispered, twining an arm about her, "bid me stay."

"Then—stay—stay, only—"

"Only what, Susie?"

"I am done being scapegoat for any mortal or ghost either."

"That is right, and henceforth receive only rewards."

What she might have said in response, he never knew, as her lips were for the moment effectually sealed.

A few months later Paul Cheney's city friend was not surprised at his return, though he was at his bringing back a bride, the chief of his tormentors.

Self-Reliance.

There is no element in a man's character that contributes more to his success in life, than confidence or self-reliance in his own ability. A faint-hearted man is unstable, and will never excel. Faith in the endeavor to will and to execute is as important in a succeseful business career as is the keystone to the arch. A man possessed of a bold, daring, resolute will may be modest in revealing his powers, but will be determined in performing what he conceives to be right. To men with this never-dying faith there is no such word as defeat, and when obstacles present themselves in their path, it only results in their putting forth a greater effort to accomplish their purpose.

Toil, trial, disaster, gloom and danger may environ and threaten to overthow the most cherished plans, yet over and above all hindrances a heroic soul will triumph and win fame and honor. The discouragements that would retard the irresolute only discover the weak places to the brave, and, strengthening these, they renew the conflict with increased vigor. Timidity creates cowards, and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform that overcomes difficulties others thought could not be surmounted.

In all the pursuits of life we find that those who achieve honor and distinction are strong and self-reliant in their powers, exercise faith in their own ability, and carry out plans conceived in their own brain. Morse had faith in telegraph wires, and Field in submarine cables, and to-day, in consequence thereof, the lightning is harnessed to convey the news of the world in every part of the habitable globe within the compass of a few hours. Two young men in 1862 commenced a banking business in Wall street in a small office. They had faith in their own ability, and also that of the United States to pay its great war debt. To-day they are leading bankers in Government securities on this continent, their daily sales running into the millons, and their name and credit take high rank in all the financial centers of the world. Not many years ago Edison occupied an humble positon as telegraph operator: to-day his name and fame are

Combustion from Steam Pipes.

It is usually regarded as impossible for a steam pipe to set fire to wood. In a Pittsburg steel works, a steam pipe 2½ inches in diameter, carrying from 90 to 100 pounds pressure, was laid underground, encased in common pipe boards about one inch thick. After three years of use, occasion was had to dig up the pipe, and the whole length of the wooden drain was found to be charred, and apparently burnt, about three-fourths of the thickness of the wood, the other fourth being partially rotted. The whole inside of the drain was turned to charcoal, with here and there spots of white ashes, showing that ignition had actually taken place. It seems probable that if the casing had not been excluded from the air by the earth covering, it would have blazed and been entirely consumed.

NON-PROSCRIPTIVE SCHOOLS.

BY REV. WALTER H. BROOKS.

Colored public schools, in contradistinction from other public schools, exist, in this country, in deference to the prejudice which the white people of the same entertain toward the colored people on account of their race, color and previous condition of servitude. This, I believe, no man who rises to the dignity of a public speaker or writer will undertake to refute. It is an uncontroverted fact. It does not admit of questions or doubt.

Again, if any state in the Union has the right to provide separate public schools for the colored race, in deference to the caste distinctions which exist everywhere in the South, and in certain sections of the North, in deference to the same prejudice, and by virtue of all the moral and legal principles implied in the separate school question, it has power also to provide for separate coaches, on its lines of railway, for the the accommodation of colored persons; provided that said separate coaches are not inferior to those used by white passengers in travelling over the same lines of railway in the same. So we find railroads in the state of Georgia and steamboats on the lower Mississippi run on this principle, and their line of conduct, if I mistake not, was by a recent decision of one of the United States District Courts declared to be not in violation to the Amendments to the Constitution. Now, if there is no unjust distinction, on account of race or color, implied in the idea of separate colored public schools, there is certainly none implied in the idea of separate first-class railway coaches for colored people, and when we are ejected from one first-class car designed exclusively for white persons and pointed to another occupied exclusively by colored people, we should, in all parts of the country, assemble the people together and unanimously commend all railroad companies of this kind for being strictly logical in their methods of reasoning and consistent in their treatment of the colored people.

If, however, such a distinction *is* implied, In the case of the railway coaches, as we all believe, then it is also true that the same deep, malicious, wicked caste spirit underlies our colored public school system, and we cannot, with any show of reason, or with anything like a due regard for the fitness of things, *willingly* consent to, or aid in perpetuating, that system, while, at the same time, we, everywhere, most bitterly condemn caste railway coaches as unjust and unconstitutional.

OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

But some one says that this line of argument, followed to its legitimate conclusion, would force us to advocate the abolition of colored churches, colored societies, colored families—in a word, everything distinctively colored. Well, what of it? Wny not have mixed churches? Mixed societies? Mixed families? In short, why not, like all other foreigners who have come to these shores, be *Americans?* Say what you will, it is coming to this—we must mix or we must go. There cannot live in any one country two separate and distinct people both of the same rank and power, on terms of peace, justice and safety.

Such a thing is unknown to history. So if we are not willing to mix in the schools and all around, for consistency's sake let us hold our peace whenever our white friends inform us by deed or word that our absence is heartily desired in all the walks of *social* life. But another objection is, that many colored teachers will be thrown out of employment, if mixed schools be established. Well, if at first something of the kind should occur, what of it, as long as the youth of the land, by personal contact, during a period of a decade and a half, are educated under the best possible conditions socially, as well as intellectually, and the color-line is wiped out? But I am not certain that the number of colored teachers will be reduced. If the examinations are open to colored persons, as they will be under any system not based on color, race and previous condition of servitude, the colored teacher who competes with his white brother will secure appointment and position. He has only to qualify himself for the highest positions and patiently, earnestly struggle, and the end will be all that we may reasonably hope for. But still another insists that mixed schools are not practicable, because, as is claimed, the white people of the country are determined to encourage no institution which is designed to lift the colored people of the states to social equality and intercourse with themselves. But the same argument was used, a few years ago, to perpetuate human slavery in this land and, at a later date, to prevent the enfranchisement of the Freedmen of the South, and still later, to compel colored persons, all over the country, to be content to accept second-class accommodation on all public conveyances and at all public inns. Hence the invalidity of the objection. But, before passing from this point, we pause to remark, that we are aware that the white people of this country will not concede to us mixed schools without showing violent and better opposition. They have never conceded to us a single right or privilege without a struggle, and they never will, as long as the spirit of caste characterizes their treatment of the colored people in this country.

But shall we falter for that reason? Shall we accept the situation and make no further attempt to secure and enjoy the rights and privileges common to other citizens in the states? To tamely submit, to cheerfully accept what is offered us, to permit ourselves to be proscribed without a hearty protest, is, to my mind, to declare that we are destitute of all manly spirit and social aspiration.

A fourth argument which is urged against non-proscriptive schools has reference to the fulness of times. The objector says "the time has not come." This is certainly a valid objection for most of the southern states, but not for the northern, and especially it is without force in the District of Columbia, where the people are governed by the Congress and President of the United States. It is terrible to think that here under the shadow of the nation's capital, and by the sanction of both races, proscriptive colored schools still exist in deference to and in order to perpetuate the spirit of caste which is harbored in the breast of the white man. What say the educated colored people of the District to these things? Will they, can they thoughtfully, seriously aver that the time has not come for the colored people in these parts to have non-proscriptive public schools? To me it seems impossible for them thus to stultify themselves.

[Prepared the night this question was discussed at Bethel Literary, April 10. —ED.]

Market Farm of Mr. Brooks, at Bennings.

There are few colored men among us who have been more successful as business men than Mr. Joseph Brooks. In addition to his banking business, Mr. Brooks has been eminently successful as a farmer. THE ADVOCATE man was invited by Mr. Brooks to take a look at his garden-farm. He at once accepted and in a short time found himself at Bennings, a short distance out of town. He was at once ushered into the beautiful residence of Mr. Brooks, when he found "meat and wine" with which to regale himself. The house is one which has every appearance of one owned by a thrifty and refined business man. Anxious to see the farm, our man, accompanied by Mr. Brooks, left the house and in a moment found himself surveying what might be considered a model farm. It contains 30 acres of the best land in the District which under careful management have proved to be "the broadest acres for miles around." The "garden" which contains about 25 acres is devoted to the cultivation of every variety of vegetable among which may be seen 6500 hills of cantalopes and 1900 hills of watermelons. The cultivation of the garden is pursued after the most approved methods and every available foot is utilized. Mr. Brooks has a large pasture for cattle of which he 13 milk cows of the finest breed in Maryland. On the farm may be seen chickens, ducks, geese and hogs in large numbers. He also has 7 horses in the best working order. Last year, Mr. Brooks realized $1500 upon his cantaloupe crops, $1000 on watermelons and aggregated a lotal net profit on farm and dairy, about $4500. We take pleasure in mentioning this to show how much can be done on a small farm under skillful management. We commend this to those who look upon farming as an unprofitable business and mention it as an evidence of the growing prosperity of our people.

To prevent a hen from setting, tie a wisp of straw about half the size of a wine bottle upon her back. When she feels the incumbrance, she gets off the nest and runs wildly about, striving in every way to free herself from it. After two or three days' useless struggle, she resigns herself to her fate, and apparently makes up her mind to the inevitable. The wisp of straw may then be removed, and it will be found that her exertions have so changed the current of her thoughts that she henceforth gives up all idea of setting, and seeks consolation for her wounded feelings in diligently laying eggs.

FROSTED FRUIT. — The following is a nice way to serve fruit:

Take large ripe cherries, apricots, plums, or grapes; if cherries, cut off half the stem; have in one dish some whites of eggs, well beaten, and in another some powdered sugar; take the fruit one at a time, and roll them first in the egg and then in the sugar; lay them on a sheet of white paper, in a seive, and set it on top of the stove or near the fire until the icing hardens.

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EXCURSIONS.

BY LE DUKE.

Well, the summer is about to be upon us. The horrors of the severe winter just past have been modified by the more pleasant aspect of Spring,—in whose lap Winter has been most discourteously sitting,—which has brought flowers of love and blossoms of hope to many a once disconsolate creature. And now summer is about to be upon us. Who, that has felt the pinch of poverty during the long and cheerless winter months, will forget that from seed-time to harvest is the period within which to provide against the privations which winter forces? Who, that has read the tales of woe, of homes desolated, of desperation, will permit himself to be deluded into

S. Minister Resident at Haiti, with an Introductory Sketch by Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D.,

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Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

THE Committee has amended the call for a Convention from Washington to LOUISVILLE, KY., SEPT. 24. Now let all growling and grumbling cease and our efforts be spent henceforth to the discussion of the policies to be outlined, rather than the men whose names are appended to the call. Let our chief aim be "principles, not men; but men as the representatives of principles."

SELF-DEPRECIATION.

It is a pitiable, if not a contemptible sight, to see individuals, whose general intelligence and respectability have won them respect and high regard, lend themselves for mere selfish purposes to a scheme by which they do unconsciously, but nevertheless surely, cast odium and throw obstacles upon the very class with which they are identified and whose status affects very largely their own individual welfare.

It is a recognized fact that in all of our larger cities not only is it extremely rare for the Negro-American to be in possession of valuable real estate in fashionable sections, but wherever he does own such property systematic ef-

best interests of the race."

The Plymouth Congregational Church, who number two hundred of as good a class a people as can be found in this city, recently purchased a lot on the southeast corner of P and 17th streets. They bought the frame building about to be given up by the Vermont Avenue (The Garfield Memorial) Christian Baptist Society, and were arranging to remove it to the former locality until such time when they could advantageously erect a handsome brick edifice in accordance with plans already made. But a protest headed by Mr. Hurt, President of the Washington and Georgetown R. R., is made against such removal, Mr. Hurt being joined by numerous property holders, among them Messrs. David Warner, Thomas M. Hunster, Robert Parker, Wm. Syphax, Wm. E. Matthews, Jos. Jackson and R. A. Gleaves, colored gentlemen, property owners in the vicinity. That Mr. Hurt and the white property holders should lead in this matter does not at all surprise us, notwithstanding this gentleman, whose name heads the list, in view of his steady rise from a newsboy and car conductor to the presidency of a powerful railroad corporation, should be reminded of the possibility of the elevation of a class of people within the same period from rude to civilized worship. But the action of these colored gentlemen is a surprise. Especially is it so as regards Messrs. Warner and Hunster, members of the Berean Baptist Church, which about six years ago attempted to purchase a lot for church purposes on the opposite corner to that now owned by the Plymouth, and which failed in the effort because the owner did not want a colored church located there. We have too much regard for these gentlemen to suggest the story of the dog in the manger as being at all applicable to their case. We are equally surprised at the action of Mr. Wm. Syphax, for we have the authority of an official of the Plymouth Congregational Church that he volunteered to act as agent for them in the purchase of the lot subsequently purchased by them. Of course Mr. Syphax would not have purchased a lot for them and then been willing to place obstacles in the way of the legitimate use of it.

As to these gentlemen specified and the others alluded to, we doubt very much if they would have led an opposition to the removal of the same building to the same lot, if it were owned by a white congregation; and we doubt very much if under such circumstances they would have with impunity dared to seek the co-operation of Mr. Hurt and his white associates in the premises. Verily, verily we often make good by our actions the charges held against us that we are lacking in that self-respect which is an essential to the good opinion of the rest of the people.

GEN. BIRNEY'S BLUNDER.

We have only space to say that the commencement of Wayland Seminary, which came off Wednesday night at Calvary Baptist Church was only fair. There were eleven graduates, including two ladies. The address of Gen. Wm. Birney, as far as its beginning is concerned. was a gross insult to the colored people. They are not making a movement to displace the whites in Hampton and Storer. As a trustee of Storer College the writer is prepared to deny that there is any such movement contemplated to oust the present efficient instructors from that institution. And as much as Gen. Armstrong has been criticised we have yet to learn of any movement on the part of colored men to oust him. Gen. Birney is laboring under a delusion. If his charge has no better basis than these two instances it falls to the ground. Admitting the charge to be true, shall the aspiration and ambition of colored men to share in the administration of institutions of higher learning be checked in the name of education? Is a diploma as an evidence of scholarship to be extended with one hand and a warning against further developing that scholarship to be bewailed with the other? What better argument for Negro inferiority can be given? We call upon the graduates to spurn this advice to limit their aspirations, even though it come from Gen. Birney, who commanded colored soldiers, who broke up slave pens, the son of James G. Birney of anti-slavery memory.

THE *Globe* makes a good point on Prof. Greener's remark that the colored people should fight for their political rights by suggesting that it is quite safe to declaim about fighting in Washington at a long distance from the point of danger. But it was not more than two months past that the editor of the *Globe* advised precisely the same policy in the matter of civil rights on southern railroads. We can not see wherein it would be less dangerous single-handed to resort to physical force on a railroad than at an election precinct.

THE exercises which recently took place in our public schools (white) whereby the male pupils indicated their preferences for life work and the reasons therefor deserve to be commended. We should like to see similar exercises conducted in our eighth grade and high schools. Too much can not be done to give a practical turn to our pupils' motives for study at that stage of their intellectual development when they should see the relation between their school studies and their after life.

THE committee calling the National Convention has conceded all that has been reasonably demanded. It has waived the place, the time and signified a willingness to include in the callers representative citizens from the several states. It could not consistently include those who have impugned their motives and said there was no reason for a convention, and no sensible person would expect them to do it without self-stultification.

THE bitter personalities indulged in by those who discuss the convention business furnish ground for the belief that the parties who began it are incapable of leadership. If we have a cause we have no time to wrangle among ourselves. If we are not sufficiently charitable to accord honorable motives where methods differ we can not expect to impress public opinion in our favor.

WE regret that we cannot publish the article of Mr. Chas. R. Douglass relative to a paragraph which appeared in our last issue; because no good would result therefrom, to himself, the party mentioned, or the public service.

WAYLAND ALUMNI had their exercises at 19th St. Baptist Church Thursday night. The house was crowded. After the exercises a collation was served at Wayland Hall, a full account of which will be given in our next.

WE have received a letter from Charlottesville, Va., giving an account of the funeral services of the late Rev. M. L. Lewis, which can not be published in this issue.

The Nude in Art.

The Bev. Dr. Crosby uttered a vigorous protest in the *Christian at Work* against the nude in art. He made some very strong points when he said:

God has clearly shown us that the human body is to be covered. Art comes forward and declares in direct opposition to God, that the human body shall be stark naked. Christians leave God and follow art. Then when we tell these Christians that they are aiding vice, they ridicule our verdancy, and call on the world of culture to join them in the laugh.

It is not the question whether it is possible to have a white marble nudity that would be pure to every pure mind. To that all will agree. But the practical question of to-day for Christians to settle as before God and His word is whether they can approve of nudities in every degree of color to represent life, and in every attitude of wantonness—whether in the name of art they can meddle with such filthy subjects as Leda and the Swan, Danae, Venus and Adonis, etc., and not be defiled.

The French school of art has a faculty for putting vice forward in voluptuous and attractive forms to the young, while the moral (if there be any, as in the "Prodigal Son,) is almost hidden in a corner. And this French school is now the fashionable one for American Christians.

Besides the seductive influences of these obscenities upon our youth, we are to remember that every nude pictured female presupposes a nude real female sitting before the artist as his model. The immorality of the business, every one who has read the history of art knows.

Has it come to this, that the Church of Christ is ready to break down the barriers which separated it from the licentious world, and to adopt Greek culture in the place of Christian ethics? French art and the theatres are doing all they can to promote loose notions of the relations between the sexes, and to steep society in immorality. Some easy-going Christians are being caught in the snare. It is fashionable to admire indecencies, and Christians wish to be fashionable. It is now hard to convict our low, obscene theatres before the courts, because the plea is that the respectable theatres have the same obscenities, and Christian mothers take their daughters to them.

Blue ointment and kerosene in equal parts is death to bed-bugs.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine oil from washable goods.

Fish may be scaled much easier if dipped in boiling water for a minute.

In gravies and milk porridge, the salt should not be added until the dish is cooked.

To keep hands soft, mix honey, olive oil and almond meal, and use it when washing the hands. Wear gloves when practicable.

Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is the sickness of the soul.

How the Ancients Engraved Gems.

We must remain as yet some little in doubt as to the methods employed by the old artists to perfect these miracles of taste. We have, however, the absolute certainty that these ancient masters were familiar with the diamond, and that their best work was made by using this, the hardest of all substances, as a tool. A splintered fragment of the diamond served as a scraping tool, and they were well acquainted with the drill. Pre-historic man worked a drill at the very commencement of his existence. A Phœnician gem—a lion attacking a bull—shows how the drill was used. A number of circular depressions are found in the gem, which mark the extremities of the figures. This was done not only for effect, but to show the artist the limit of his work as to depth. After the holes were sunk, the artist united the various portions of his work by scratching. Now the use of the diamond point, or splinter, fixed in a style, or iron socket, allowed a certain flexibility of handling, which our modern processes of gem engraving do not permit. To-day the work is done by means of a minute rotating disk of copper, which is whetted with oil and diamond dust. On the least application of the substance to be cut to the disk, it is the disk which bites into the stone. The difference in manipulation is, then, that to-day it is the stone which goes to the tool, and not, as in olden times, the tool to the stone. It is more convenient, then, in 1879, to bring the cart to the horse. It can be readily understood why, in modern work, time and labor being spared (the art conception not entering for the present into the subject) this work of to-day is much inferior to the art which is past. It is purely a mechanical process now, for a rotating disk will no more draw lines which have feeling than will photographing processes paint pictures. It has been stated that we are not entirely acquainted with the methods employed by the old glyptic artists. This becomes quite evident from the fact that their best work seems to have been both cut and polished at one and the same time. To-day we have no tool, no substance, which will accomplish this double feat. Mr. King, dwelling on the diamond point, says "Its extensive use is the great distinction between antique and modern work."

A Hint to Boys.

A philosopher has said that the true education for boys is to teach them what they ought to know when they become men. What is it they ought to know?

1. To be true; to be genuine. No education will be worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action, rather, than, being learned in all sciences and in all languages, be at the same time false at heart and also counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

2. To be true in thought, language and life—pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning society where he moves with his smutty stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper, who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however poor or however rich, he has learned some of the important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

A Sea Wonder.

A monstrous submarine plant is growing in the North Pacific Ocean. It is one of the Melanospherms, and known to botanists as the *Macrocistis Pyritera*, and is said to dwarf all vegetable products yet known by its prodigious proportions. It grows sometimes to such a size as to cover great areas of sea-bed, one specimen having been discovered that occupied by measurement three square miles, while the stem was eight feet thick. It is difficult to conceive of such a plant, and to understand how any adequate system of nourishment can be maintained through so extended channels. The macrocist leaves the famous big trees of California immeasurably behind, making them seem, indeed, like small reeds. It has an infinite variety, some specimens being so small as to be visible only under a powerful microscope. The much talked of wonders of nature are more wonderful than has ever been conjectured, as research and science are daily teaching us. And still it is fair to presume that we have not yet crossed the threshold of the temple of discovery within which are hidden marvels that the most active and exuberant imagination is unable to conceive. The realm of poetry is beautiful and inspiring; but the world of fact exceeds it in every way, illustrating constantly the old idea that truth is stranger than fiction. Indeed, fiction seems, even when most exaggerated, to be little more than the pale shadow of truth.

Physical Value of Singing.

Singing is one of the healthiest exercises in which men, women and children can engage. The *Medical Wochenschrift*, of St. Petersburg, has an article based upoh exhaustive researches made by Professor Monassein during the autum of 1878, when he examined 222 singers ranging between the ages of nine and fifty-three. He laid chief weight upon the growth and absolute circumference of the chest, upon the comparative relation of the latter to the tallness of the subject, and upon the pneumatometric and spirometric condition of the singer. It appears to be an ascertained fact from Dr. Monassein's experiments that the relative, and even the absolute, circumference of the chest is greater among singers than among those who do not sing, and that it increases with the growth and age of the singer. The professor even says that singing may be placed physically as the antithesis of drinking spirituous liquors; the latter hinders, while the former promotes.

Poultry Habits.

Of all farm stock, hens are the most easily taught. The education of hens can be commenced at any age; but best while young. They should be housed and shut in every night, and not allowed to roost on sheds, well sweeps, or trees; even a neglect to shut the door on them for one night will cause the timid ones to seek a higher roost the next night, and they can only be found out-of-doors. This leads to laying out of doors—a great nuisance—and to constant loss from roving night enemies. At sunrise every morning call the chickens all around you, and scatter a full feed for them; let this always be done on the same spot of ground. Keep, in a convenient place, a reservoir of fresh clear water, if you have no running stream. At certain and regular times in the day, you will find the whole flock there. Throw no scrap of food around the dwelling, or you will teach them to become a house nuisance. Burn all the egg shells, or you will teach the hens to eat eggs in the nests. If you coop your chicks, take hen and brood to the hen house as soon as the coop is dispensed with; otherwise you will have to spend hours every night for a week before they will house well. Protect hens while setting, by a light board or lattice cover to the nest, so they shall not be annoyed by other hens wishing to lay with them. In fact, any bad habit or any habit that does not suit your surroundings may be entirely broken up and changed by reasonable preventative measures.

Hawaiian Flower Girls.

The Hawaiians are passionately fond of flowers. Bevies of happy, rollicing, native girls climb the sides of the mountains or explore the picturesque gorges in search of the choicest specimens, and, having gathered enough to supply the market for the day, they dash down to Honolulu, riding horse-back man fashion, at a terrible gait. They are sure to bedeck themselves first with "leis" or wreaths of flowers which encircle their foreheads and hang suspended from their necks like so many necklaces glittering in the sunlight. Suspended from the neck, also, and flowing down their backs are great streamers of "maile" wreaths, plucked from a deliciously fragrant and perpetually green exotic, without the aid of which no Hawaiian belle is robed in the height of fashion. Arriving in town the flower girls select some shady nook along the public streets, sitting by the half-dozen or more, dextrously assorting the flowers, and making "leis" with great rapidity, and spreading them out fantastically, so as to attract attention and invite the public to patronize them by its most Platonic form, and their love chants are usually successful in drawing custom. At the time that the famous Count Rochefort went through the Hawaiian capital, he was, while walking along, literally covered with wreaths by a charming native beauty.

Poultry Vermin.

There are many recipes for driving vermin away from poultry and houses. The inventors of these are shrewd; they know that people are naturally indolent in both body and mind; that they never guard against invasion, but wait until the enemy is upon them, and then buy up all the new-fangled nostrums, kill all the lice, and half kill all the hens and chickens, and at once begin to do some tall crowing. All poultry vermin delight in moist or damp places; in fact, they can't live any where else. That's the principle. Now what does it suggest? Why, the suggestion is obvious; don't have any damp places' and that means a dry chicken house, a dry earth floor, a dry roof, no manure allowed to accumulate on the floor or under the perches, because that is always damp, and absorbs dampness from the air. Build two chicken houses, one in a low, damp, ill ventilated place, and the other on a high, dry, sunny, airy spot, and let your flock choose; the most miserable old hen "that ever was" knows better what she wants than the most dignified, dandyish, intellectually refined poultry fancier that the hen fever ever produced.

Remember! a water-tight house, a ground or sandy floor, plenty of sunlight and fresh air, and your children will have to go to college to learn the etomology of the hen-house, instead of brushing vermin off of every egg they bring to the housekeeper.

Home Politeness.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else.

A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have every semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy.

We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects or deportment and character.

We say to every boy, and to every girl, cultivate the art of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting room and in the kitchen as well as in the parlor—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourselves in a becoming and attractive manner.

When one has a pleasant smile and demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

It don't pay to sow or plant poor seed because you happen to have it on hand.

It don't pay to plant more ground than you can manure and take good care of.

It don't pay to leave weak places in the fences, in hopes that the cattle won't find them.

Nor does it pay to leave the work of mending your tools and selecting and securing your seed until the day you want to use them, thereby causing costly delay.

FOR THE SICK.—A sick person wanting nourishment, and having lost appetite, can often be sustained by the following: Make a strong cup of coffee, adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetening it rather more, take an egg, beat yolk and white together, boil the coffee, milk and sugar, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in. This simple recipe is frequently used in hospital practice.

Mrs. Hemans.

At seven years old, an age when the ideas of most girls are limited to dolls, romps and new frocks, Felicia's delight, in the bright summer days, was to climb up into an old apple-tree with a volume of Shakespeare in her hand, and lose herself in a world of imagination, among the Rosalinds, Imogenes and Beatrices. All that was strange, weird and romantic had an irresistable fascination for her. Gwrych, as every respectable old mansion should, had its spectre, and on moonlight nights the child, all trembling, yet eager, would creep out into the long, dark avenue, fearing, yet hoping, to get a sight of the goblin. At other times, when she was supposed to be in bed, she would rise, dress herself, and steal out of the house down to the sea shore to listen to the moaning of the waves, and to indulge in a twilight bath. She was never sent to school; her education was purely desultory. All the world of poetry was thrown open to her; but from systematic studies, beyond French, English grammar and the rudiments of Latin, she was wholly exempted. At seven she began to compose verses, and at fourteen a volume of these was published.

—Just before he died, in a speech at Washington city, Vice President Wilson said: "Probably we have 60,000 churches in this land, 50,000 or 60,000 clergymen at least, and 8,000,000 church members. The ministers of these churches profess to believe that God has placed us here to prepare ourselves for a higher and better life. They profess to believe that they have consecrated themselves, all they are, all they hope to be, to the cause of the Divine Master. Now we have in the United States hundreds of thousands of poor drunkards. The human mind cannot fathom the evils and the sufferings the habitual use of intoxicating liquors brings upon its victims. Thousands of the young men of this country are going headlong to ruin. Nobody can doubt it, everybody sees it, everybody feels it. Where are the voices of the 60,000 clergymen? Where are the activities of the 8,000,000 of church members of the United States? I say, to-night, I have little hope for the triumph of the temperance cause until a large proportion of the clergymen and professing Christians of this land rise up to the duties of this occasion. I call upon every Christian minister of this land, and every member of the church of Christ, upon every man and woman, to come up and aid this work by precept and example.

Every one having any considerable amount of experience in these shops will declare that the business as a whole is demoralizing and damning in every respect. It unfits a man for regular and steady work. It uses a man up nervously and mentally. It breaks up the very foundation of honor, honesty and integrity in his character. It makes him irritable, peevish and reckless in his habits. It leads to drinking, swearing, and a score of allied vices. The agony of soul which a person, losing money in these games of hazard, experiences leads him to curse God, himself, the markets, and every thing else. It drives men to the verge of insanity. It makes men act more like maniacs than rational and intelligent human beings. The very fact that the business is entirely respectable and legal, and that very good Christian persons are engaged in it, only adds fuel to the flame. If the whole business was outlawed and illegal, there would not be half the danger in it. Morally and financially considered, the worst spot in Chicago is that square bounded by Washington street on the the north, Clark street on the east, Madison on the south, and La Salle on the west.

Late chicks may be made more profitable than early ones. Chickens from eggs set in August and September may be kept warm in a tight glazed house, and fed so that they will grow continually through the winter, and if they come later all the better, if they are well kept and fed, the earlier broods will be salable at good prices when the market is bare of chickens, and the later ones will furnish spring chickens long before the usual supply comes to hand. Chickens hatched in the fall or winter are comparatively rare, but are known to a few persons, who have made the discovery that, with good feed, warm quarters, a warm mess at least once a day, warm drink and cleanliness, there is no difficulty at all about raising them, and at a good profit.—*Agriculturist.*

3. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

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It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

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IE'S ADVOCATE

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1883.

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Baltimore.....
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B, Anderson.
" ..... G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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LOCAL.

—See advertisement of Smallwood Dancing School found in another column.

—Rev. R. H. Porter was suddenly called away to attend the funeral services of Rev. M. T. Lewis.

—Closing exercises of Grimes-Anderson Academy at 4th Baptist Church, R street, Wednesday evening 30th inst at 7½ o'clock.

—G. B. Anderson made a sad trip to Charlottesville Monday to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of his cousin, the Rev. M. T. Lewis.

—Green Mountain Lodge of G. U. O. of O. F., had a sermon preached to them at Asbury M. E. Church last Sunday afternoon, by the pastor Rev. N. M. Carroll.

—A few summer boarders will be taken by Mrs. Rosa Gaskins at Mason's hill, 8 miles from Washington. A beautiful view of the Capitol. Address at Linconia, Fairfax Co., Va.

—Messers J. R. Clifford, S. Hopewell and J. W. Corsey of Martinsburg, Va, spent the day here last Tuesday. They were in attendance on the session of the Grand Conncil of Honor.

—The Second Annual May Festival of the Plymouth Congregational Church Sunday School will be given at Lincoln Mission corner 11th and R Sts., N. W., next Thursday evening the 31st inst.

—The sad tidings has reached this city of the death of Mrs. Baugh a very estimable and charming lady, the wife of John G. Baugh of Richmond, Va. She departed this life last Saturday afternoon. She will be mourned by a large circle of friends, both in the city of Richmond and throughout the North whereshe had many friends. Peace to her ashes.

—A large and interesting meeting is anticipated to take place by the new Odd Fellow's Lodge of Hillsdale, D. C., on Sunday, May 27th at 3 o'clock, at which time an address will be delivered by Rev. Sandy Alexander pastor 1st Bapt. Church Georgetown, D. C. Music will be furnished by Mt. Jezreel Church choir under the leadership of Mr. Edmond Scott.

—The May Feast of Union Bethel Sunday School came off last Friday evening, the 18th inst. The hall was crowded. After the queen was crowned. the winding of the May Pole, was most artisically conducted by several little lads and lases. Miss Annie E. H. Geary, who had general surpervision of these exercises, was highly complimented for the success of the entertainment.

—The Need of Educated Mechanics was the topic of the paper by J. D. Baltimore, Esq., at Bethel Hall last Tuesday night. It was a very able paper, affording much food for thought. It was written in a pleasant style and delivered in a manner that held the attention of the audience throughout. A discussion followed commending the paper which was participated in by Messers Malord, Upshaw, Waring, Brown and J. R. Harris

—P. R. Dailey. Captain of the Watch at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, was removed about the 15th instant and one King, was appointed his successor. It is said that King is quite a fair man. Well, we are glad to hear it. Dailey was not fit to have charge of any set of men whose claims to decency were even respectable. We are glad to find that the new Chief has begun to weed out the tares which have choked the progress of honest dealing at the Bureau.

—The annual May concert of the Bethlehem Baptist Sunday School was held at Douglass Hall, Hillsdale, D. C. on May 18th 1883. The following program was executed by the various pupils to whom parts were assigned with great credit to themselves and the delight of a large and appreciative audience. Grand March; Chorus, "Wake the Song of Jubilee; Prayer, by Rev, H. Scott, pastor; Chorus, "Oh! We are Volunteers"; Spring, Georgie Dear; Recitation, "Break, Break. Break," Joseph Scott; Solo, "That Young Man across the Way," M. Lear: Recitation, "Little dreamer," Sandy Hollius; "The old fair story," Amelia Alakey; "The Sculptor Boy," Hubert Davis; solo, "Darling, take me to your heart," C. W. Kenzie; "The web of life," Sammy Lucas; "The Church and the World." Anna Phillips; Duet, "Gathering up the shells by the sea shore," Misses Bryant and Simpson; "Mark Antony's Oration," Chas. Mitchell; "Rock of Ages," Emma Diggs; Chorus, "Come where the Lilies bloom"; "Last Hymn" Georgie Simpson; Duet, Misses Shimm; Recitation "Papa's letter 'May Cox; Solo, "In the moonlight," Ella Chrisman; Essay, Amelia Alexander; Duet, Misses Davis and Bailey; Twining of the May Pole, by twelve little girls. Mr. Bellini Fleet rendered one of his choice instrumental solos. Miss Anna C. Davis presided at the piano, assisted by Mr. J. C. Nalle, principal of Hillsdale Public School. The receipts of the evening amounted to $70. Mr. C. W. Davis superintendent conducted the affair in a satisfactory by manner which reflects much credit on himself and teachers.

THURLOW Weed's Autobiography is announced for early publication, by subscription, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. This can hardly fail to be a work of pernament value and of engrossing interest. Mr. Weed knew everybody worth knowing; he was a man of remarkable personal fascination, even for those whom in politics he opposed most energetically; he was the trusted adviser of Presidents and Governors; and his career was peculiar American.

From the autobiography papers which he published from time to time we infer that his "Autobiography" will be strikingly rich in anecdotes and reminiscences of the growth of the country and of its public men. It must be every way an attractive work, and one for which agents will find ready purchasers.

A Grand Picnic.

We take pleasure in announcing the grand picnic which is to be given by the Capital Pleasure Club, on the 30th inst. The club will make it very pleasant for those desiring to spend the day in the open air. The open-air concert will prove highly entertaining and we advise every body to attend. See advertisement.

A post in the ground becomes decade wood at the end of ten years.

There may not be anything fascinating about a spoon in a cup of Oolong, but it is certainly in-tea-resting.

The man who finds a pocket book with cash in it doesn't look in a paper for three weeks.

A woman with two heads has just arrived from Europe. Eight bonnets a year!—only think of it!

We know a girl who will wrestle with a croquet mallet in the hot sun for hours and not complain. But just ask her to hold on to the wooden end of a broom for a few minutes and she will have a fit.

A certain editor was taking a walk one evening with his wife, when she, who was romantic, and an admirer of nature, said: "Oh! Augustus, just notice the moon." "Can't think of it, my dear, for less than thirty cents a line."

A clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words: "Deluded souls that dream of heaven!"

Newspaper estimates on crops do not take into consideration the damage done by an old man in chasing his sons across ten acres of growing wheat with a fence rail, because they happened to remark that it was a good day for fishing.

A clergyman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roostin' on our fence tree nights; so dis mornin' I seized him for de rent ob de fence."

"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a Eureka grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

A man went into a butcher's shop, and, finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said: "Madame, can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Yes, sir," said she. And then, turning to a boy, she added: "James, give that gentleman three pig's feet."

The world moves. The New York *Graphic*, speaking of the walking-match in that city, says:

"Twenty-five years ago a negro would not have been allowed to contend in the athletic arena with a dozen white men. Now, Mr. Hart, the Haytien-Massachusetts Ethiopian, wins the admiration of thousands for his pluck and fine action; his tent is covered with floral offerings, from the white as well as from his own race; he is driven from the Garden to a stylish hotel in a carriage, another following with his white friends; the term "nigger" was not heard in the six-day crowd, and his backer and trainer was a distinguished Irishman."

Which latter fact proves that a common interest will produce very singular results—as singular as the mixing of oil and water.

The experiment has been made of sowing oats and wheat together, with a view to obtain a winter covering for the wheat. The seed, in the proportion of one part of oats to two parts of wheat was sown in the fall, and the oats sprung up quickly, and were killed by the early frost, the stalks and leaves lying on the ground all winter, keeping the snow from blowing away, and preventing the sun from thawing the frozen ground. In the spring the dead oats made a good top dressing for the growing wheat. The crop of wheat in the following season was reported to be excellent, while wheat on the adjoining land planted in the usual manner was of no value

The oldest timber in the world, which has been used by man, is supposed to be that found in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is found in the dowelpins in connection with stone work which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. These dowels appear to be of tamarisk or shittim-wood, of which the ark is said to have been constructed, a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now rarely found in the valley of the Nile.

Mother Love.

An incident has just come under my eyes which so entirely conflicts with my ideas in regard to the fighting qualities of wild rabbits, that I give it for an extreme oddity. During the morning, one of my children came in with a very white face, and an account of a large white snake just seen in the back yard. A few minutes later a peculiar squalling or crying in the quarter where the snake was attracted my attention, and running hastily in that direction I was astonished to see the last half of a long chicken snake projecting from under a picket fence, and a wild rabbit biting and stamping on it, apparently making a determined effort to hold on and prevent the snake from going entirely under. A second later, and before my presence was noticed by the combatants, the cause of the rabbits's efforts and of the peculiar noise was manifested by the appearance on one side of the fence of the snake's head with a tiny rabbit in its jaws. The little rabbit was held by the hind quarters and was struggling and crying vigorously for the liberty that a blow from my stick, administered to the back of the snake, secured to it. The little fellow seemed unin jured, and ran off a rod or so, where the mother rabbit, who had retreated a little at my near approach, joined it, and leading the way at a deliberate gait, took it to the woods near by. It was the strongest evidence of a mother's love and care for its offspring I have ever seen or heard of, and is the only instance I have ever known of a rabbit showing the slightest aggressive disposition; in fact, I had supposed they were entirely without any. W. S. WARNE.

Nervousness.

Every organ and every muscle in the human body depends for its action on nerve-force, elaborated by the brain, or spinal ganglia; and so does every thought and feeling—the more active the thinking, or the more intense the feeling, the greater the expenditure of nerve-force.

The little white threads that run in branches through the body from the brain and spinal cord are merely conductors of this force, just as the decline wires are of the electricity.

The brain-battery, when in a vigorous condition, elaborates enough nervous force, not only for all ordinary but for a vast deal of extraordinary use, directly from the raw material in the blood, for in such case the raw material is furnished in proportion to the expenditure.

But in "nervousness" of every form the balance is disturbed; the supply is not equal to the demand, hence there is a state of nervous exhaustion.

By carefully guarding the outgo, the person may enjoy a tolerable degree of health; but he feels, often to prostration, a little extra demand, especially if protracted. Generally self-control is weakened; one is easily startled; laughter and tears come at trifles; the person is touchy, and perhaps hysterical; the blood is impoverished, and hence no organ or tissue in the body is properly fed, nor can fully do its work.

This deficiency of nerve-force may result from a deficient diet; the abuse of stimulants; too little sleep; protracted overwork of brain or muscle; long continued care, anxiety or grief; sensual or emotional excess of any kind; lack of recreation. and other causes.

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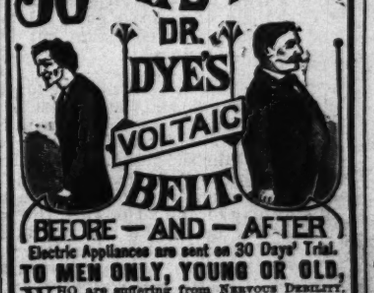

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THE MARRIED MAN.

Down the street the married man
Starts off with hurried tread,
But from the door a wifely voice
Calls, "Don't forget the bread."

He smiles and nods, and turns to go
The careless married man,
When loud the servant calls him. Oh
"You haven't got the can!"

He nods again, in fretful style,
But pulleth down his hat;
And lo, his sister with a smile,
Cries, "Won't you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes," he shouts, and, truth to tell,
He need not shout so loud;
But shrill his son, with stunning yell,
"Theater tickets for the crowd."

His daughter, from the window high,
Estops him with her call,
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
And a new pink parasol.

He hears no more; far down the street
His echoing footsteps fly;
And all day long, in measure fleet,
He hums, "Sweet buy and buy."

But when the evening respite brings,
And his day's toil is done,
Though told to get a hundred things,
He hasn't got a one.

The Cork Tree.

ITS GROWTH, PRODUCTS AND UTILITY.

The tree from which is obtained the cork of commerce is a species of evergreen oak, growing in several of the departments of France, Spain, Portugal, Sicily, Italy and Algeria. It is principally cultivated, however, in Spain and Portugal. This species of oak loses its foliage only in the month of May, and when the new growth of leaves is sufficiently strong to replace the old ones of the preceding year. It flowers in May, and its fruit is fit for gathering only in the month of November of the next season; that is, eighteen months after flowering. Its acorns are less astringent than those of other species of oaks, and are used for fattening swine, sheep and poultry. They are also employed to a considerable extent in the manufacture of certain kinds of fecula.

The cork oak flourishes best in arid, sandy soils, and under favorable conditions reaches the height of 40 to 50 feet, with a circumference of 10 to 13 feet. The trunk, from its base up to where the first branches begin, is 9 to 13 feet long; and it is this portion of the tree from which is peeled the bark that constitutes the cork of commerce. This substance, "cork," consists of the outer layer of the bark, which by annual additions from within, gradually becomes a thick, spongy mass, the rapidity of growth determining the quality of the bark. A quick growth is represented by a fine grain and light weight; a slow growth producing a contrary effect. The bark, if allowed to remain on the tree, becomes so fissured and cracked as to be unfit for use. There are two varieties of the cork bark known in commerce, the white and the black; the former of these is the product of trees growing in France, and the latter of those cultivated in Spain. The white is superior to the other on account of its greater beauty, its smoothness, and greater freedom from cracks and inequalities. It is of a yellowish-gray color on both surfaces, and cuts (on account of its much finer grain) more smoothly than the black. The operation of stripping the bark takes place when the trees have attained the age of 15 to 20 years in the month of August, when the sap is in movement, the workmen begin by making a transverse incision in the bark, just beneath the branches, and another at the base of the tree; then two longitudinal incisions are made, and the bark beaten on every side with the back of an ax, in order to loosen it from the subjacent fiber; then by means of their ax handles, or of levers prepared for the purpose, they pry off the loosened bark, which falls to the ground in cylindrical pieces. During this process the greatest care must be taken not to injure the newly formed layer of suber or cork lying beneath. After collection, the rough exterior of the bark is either rasped off or slightly charred, then piled in stacks and allowed to dry, during which process it loses one-fifth of its weight. In the charring process, the pores become closed up, and the cork is rendered denser, or receives what is technically called "nerve." In this state, after being flattened, it is cut into lengths of about four feet, and put up in bales for export.

The stripping takes place about every ten years, the product improving with each successive removal. The operation seems to be beneficial to the tree, for if the bark be allowed to remain on it naturally, the cork oak rarely lives longer than 50 or 60 years; if, on the contrary, it be removed periodically, the tree continues to flourish from 100 to 150 years. The first product is of a rough, woody nature, and useful only in rustic work or as a tanning material. The second stripping is also of a coarse nature, and useful only for floats for nets, water conduits, and such purposes.

The economic uses to which cork is applied are much too numerous to pass in review; it will be sufficient to speak of one only, that of the manufacture of stoppers. For the purpose of stopping bottles cork was not generally used till nearly the end of the seventeenth century. Many substitutes have been proposed, but except in the case of aerated liquids none of these have been generally employed. In the manufacture of bottle corks, the bark is cut up into slips, which by means of a guage are made narrow or wide, according to the size of the cork or bungs wanted. The slips are then cut into squares or "quarters," which are trimmed into the required shape by means of a very long, thin knife, kept very sharp. In this operation the knife is kept immovable while the cork is drawn over the edge by the workmen. The corks are then thrown into baskets, and sorted out according to size by women and children. Cork-cutting in Catalonia and the South of France furnishes a livelihood for a considerable portion of the population of these districts. Several attempts have been made to cut corks by machinary, but they have not been successful in suspending hand labor, which is comparatively cheap abroad. The machine principally used for this purpose was exhibited in operation at the Paris Exhibition; it was worked by a woman, and near her was seated a man patiently carving out his corks (with the usual knife), quite as neatly and nearly as rapidly as the machine. The cork-cutting machine is an instrument similar to a carpenter's plane working in a groove, the knife being horizontal. The cork is placed between two chucks, and by pushing the plane along the groove the cork is caused to rotate in front of the knife as it passes along.

No economic use is made of the cork oak except that of fuel, although it might be useful as a timber, since it is very heavy, and as hard as boxwood.

Plow-Farming.

The farmer who devotes his time principally to the plow, that is, breaking up the land, raising grain, and other tilled annual crops, such as require the constant use of the plow, harrow and hoe, will die a poor man,—particularly if he pursues this system steadily through a long series of years. There is no system so laborious as plow-farming. There is no other returns so small a profit.

Diversified farming is more interesting, more educating, refining, and more profitable, pecuniarily, than the drudgery of plow-farming. Variety in agriculture, as in every other department of life, is more interesting because less laborious and monotonous.

In order to keep the farm up to its highest productive capacity, as small an area should be in crops requiring the constant use of the plow and harrow as is compatible with the greatest yield per acre and the allotted time to be devoted to the care of each crop. There should never be such an extent of any one crop as would trespass upon the time necessary to devote to others equally important in their season. Plowing too much land is the rock on which many industrious farmers are stranded. Other important work on the farm has to be neglected, the labor becomes excessive, and the burthens of the farmer and his family are simply an oppression which even a galley-slave should not be subjected to. It is this mistaken practice which wears the life out of many farmers, bringing on premature age, disgusting his sons, making a slave of his wife, and the whole life on the farm a mere existence without rest, recreation or enjoyment. To grow rich, to make money, is the declared object of these unnatural sacrifices; and yet no man ever grew rich by such a course, while it has impoverished thousands, and left them with exhausted lands and rude, comfortless homes.

Where farm-work is a steady drag with the effort to cultivate more acres than the force under the control of the farmer can accomplish in season, and perform with thoroughness, the land is never made to do its best, and the returns are generally far from profitable. And when, everything is staked on a single crop, failure is sure to be disastrously often.

A well-ordered farm and system of farming contemplates variety and diversified crops. Some will surely give good returns for the season's labor, and a steady income may be counted upon with much certainty. If the farm is largely seeded in tame grasses, the land will always remain productive when placed under the plow. Cattle, sheep and hogs should be part of the money crop, and good orchards should contribute to the farmer's income. His fowls are neglected, as a rule, and their profit merely nominal. The dairy product is half lost from a lack of knowledge in its management, and want of proper arrangements for preserving milk and cream and manufacturing the best quality of butter. No insignificant sum is expended annually, for sweets, largely consisting of inferior molasses, and adulterated, unwholesome syrups, while scores of gallons of the purest and most wholesome go to waste on every farm for want of bees to gather and store it. The hard life and scanty remuneration of the farmer, so generally complained of, are largely attributable to the lack of ability to develop the full capacity of the farm. There are numerous branches in farming, all of which require a degree of special training to pursue with profit.

And again, few farmers have a well-defined system, that they pursue steadily, without permitting their plan to be changed by disappointment and partial failures. A well-matured plan of diversified farming, pursued steadily and intelligently for ten years, will never fail of achieving an average success which will satisfy reasonable expectations.

"Our Girls."

Anna Dickinson, Grace Greenwood, and others of that class have given so much of their time to discussing the important matter of female education, that it would seem as if were the girls trained at home in about the following manner, the wise heads would have something else to talk and write about.

Teach them thoroughly the following important things:

Self-reliance and independence.
How to make bread, and cook well.
How to make shirts.
Not to wear false hair.
Not to powder or paint.
Not to run up store bills.
To wear thick, warm shoes
To wash and iron clothes.
To make their own dresses.
That a dollar is only a hundred cents.
To darn stockings and sew on buttons.
To say no, and mean it—or yes, and stick to it.
To wear calico dresses, and not feel ashamed of them.
That a good, rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.
To regard the morals and not the money of their beaux.
To have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.
To keep a house in neat order, with everything in its place.
That the more one lives within one's income, the more one will save.
That the farther one gets beyond one's income, the nearer one gets to the poor-house.
That a good, steady mechanic without a cent is worth a dozen loafers in shiny broadcloth.
Accomplishments, such as music, painting and drawing—if they have the taste, and you have the time and money.
That God made them in his image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve their appearance.
Teach them every day some item of dry, hard, practical common sense, and they will yet find time for idealisms.
Give them, of course, a good, substantial common-school education, but *don't* neglect home training.

At Hamburg, in Germany, the longest day has 17 hours, and the shortest 7. At Stockholm the longest has 18, and the shortest 5. At St. Petersburg the longest has 19, and the shortest 5. At Finland the longest has 21 hours. At Wonderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2d of July, the sun not getting below the horizon during the whole time, but skimming along very close to the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

Decline of Man.

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To clean tin ware, dampen a cloth and dip in common soda, and rub the ware.

"Bucket Shops."

As many of our readers do not know what a "bucket shop" is, we clip the following from the Chicago Inter Ocean. It tells the whole story:

Let us now enter one of these shops and watch the proceedings for a few moments. We will take one opening on Clark street as a sample. On the outside we observe the words, "Chicago Grain and Stock Exchange," but it is a genuine bucket shop for all that. We find the place filled with a surging, seething, eager crowd of operators. Some are young men, some are old, some are well dressed and dandified in appearance, and others comparatively poor and shabby. Some are standing up, others sitting in chairs, which are arranged in long rows facing the blackboards; some swearing and spitting tobacco juice on the floor, others pleasantly smoking and chatting in groups; others still, silent isolated and anxious. Before the blackboards, on a raised platform, is a telegraph operator and a marker. As the quotations come in from the halls of the chamber of commerce every few seconds, they are called off in a loud voice, then put on the board, and also in a book which is kept by a man at the clicking instrument. This is for the grain and provision department of the concern. On the other blackboards are placed the stock quotations which come direct from New York, and not quite as frequently. Behind the desks stand a lot of clerks, keeping an account of the transactions, and working away like beavers. Quite an elaborate process of book-keeping is indulged in, that no blunders may be made, and it sometimes requires several hours to so straighten matters out inside that a successful operator can get his money after closing his deal. Money is changing hands rapidly and constantly during the hours of business, and at the close some go away smiling and happy, having been successful in winning a few dollars, others depart morose and mad on account of alleged ill-luck and losses.

The fascination of this game of chance is absolutely terrific and enthralling. When the markets are lively and fluctuations are rapid, a man can double his money in a few minutes or lose it altogether. The bank generally deals openly with its customers, and gives them every opportunity for investing to their hearts' content, well knowing that their victims will guess wrong three times where they will hit it twice, taking the transactions of the day through. The bank can well afford to allow the operators full liberty in trading, and profit only by their mistakes. Such is the unqualifiedly total depravity of inanimate things, as well as persons, that every advantage may be given to a man to guess right, and then, in spite of experience, observation, and their best endeavors, they will inevitably guess wrong and lose five times where they gain three, taking the week or month through. A man goes into one of these bucket shops, makes a venture, becomes elated and excited, visions of untold wealth dancing before his mind's eye. He goes on, very soon gets "stuck" in some unfortunate deal, his money slips away from him before he knows it, he grows desperate, advances large sums, led on in the hope of getting back his losses, and generally keeps the game up until he finds himself "clean scooped out," when he is forced to quit or raise more money. This is the general experience of hundreds upon hundreds of poor fellows who have gone into these gambling dens buoyant and hopeful, and have come out penniless, disheartened and wretched.

It may be asked: "Does not any one make money by speculating?" and the answer is: Yes, a few are successful, and carry away handsome sums, but in the long run ninety-five out of every one hundred who follow it steadily lose more than they make. Some days will be field days for the operators, other days will be "Black Fridays" for them. The markets are so changeable, the influence that moves them up and down so occult and capricious, that no person can tell what an hour may bring forth. Every move is emphatically a move in the dark; you may strike terra firma and you may go down into the pit.

Grasshoppers as Food.

In the Sierra and Martis valleys Indian huts can be seen, and in and around them are congregated the warriors and squaws of the tribe, their sisters, cousins and their aunts, all intent upon the accomplishment of the grand result. As usual, the squaws do the work while their noble lords loll upon the green sward, smoke their pipes, and dreamily and lazily gaze upon the countless myriads of buzzing hoppers that fill the air and devour the vegetation. The squaws, carrying cone-shaped baskets of great capacity, scoop the grasshoppers with a fan-shaped implement into their large baskets, and when loaded carry the wiggling mass of insects to camp and then prepare them for food. The grasshoppers, killed and subsequently dried, are mixed with mashed pine nuts or cracked wheat, and made into bread, most delicious to the palate of the Washoe. White visitors at the camp are always invited, in accordance with Indian hospitality, to pastake of the compound, and great is the astonishment of poor Lo at the disgust expressed by the white man for food of this kind. To the limited mind of the Indian, it is incomprehensible that any one should reject food which in his venacular is defined as being "muchee good."

Antidote to Poison.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of a lot of English and French artists about the genius of their respected countrymen, at last broke out, and said: "Oh pshaw, you git out! Why, there's Bill Divine, of our village, who kin paint a piece of cork so 'xactly like marble, that the minute you throw it into the water, it will sink to the bottom just like a stone."

"A true American," says a trans-Atlantic cotemporary, "is too proud to beg, and too honest to steal; therefore he gets trusted."

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